

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, March 5 1803.

[No. 22]

THE BATHS OF THE EMPEROR JULIEN.

An anecdote of the fourth century.

From the French.

From an Italian manuscript found in the Marcianna library at Florence, it was a translation from a Greek M. S. which had been deposited in the library of the emperor, supposed to have been written by one of their secretaries.

SYLVANUS, who had the superintendence of the palace of the baths, presented himself before **JULIEN**. "Caesar," said he, "I implore thy protection." "Speak, Sylvanus, I grant it to thee," replied the emperor. "Savinien, one of thy centurions, loves my daughter." "Well, let him marry her." "He is a Christian," rejoined Sylvanus; "I am attached to the religion of my fathers, and I should be very sorry if my daughter were profaned by one of these impious innovators."

"What do you wish me to do for you upon this occasion?"

"I ask of you, O Caesar, to banish this officer, and deliver me from his persecutions."

Julien replied that he wished not himself to become a persecutor; and the superintendent withdrew from the palace, mortified and unhappy. "O my Priscilla," he exclaimed, striking his forehead with his hand, "I see too well that you will not hesitate to sacrifice to this man, thy father, thy country, and thy Gods."

Some one came to inform the emperor, that the troops which he was about to lead against the Germans, were on the *Campus Martius*, and he immediately set out to review them, saying as he departed—"When I cultivated letters and philosophy at Athens, I little expected that I should ever become a destroyer of men. But who can penetrate the secrets of fate? The reformer of the empire, by the massacre of his son *Crispus*, his nephew *Licinius*, and his wife *Fausta*; and his worthy successor, by commanding the death of two of my uncles, and that of my seven cousins, have paved my way to the throne. Monsters! they have rendered me doubly unhappy. They have not only robbed me of my relations and my friends, but have also invested me with the imperial purple."

Caesar exercised the troops; nobody was so well acquainted as himself with the manner in which the Germans fought. He commanded the soldiers to go through their several modes of attack; then raising his eyes to heaven, he cried out—"O Plato! what an employment is this for a philosopher!"

In the mean time old Sylvanus returned home, and uttered the bitterest reproaches against his daughter:—"I see," said he, "whither thy foolish passion will conduct thee. Art thou not ashamed to fall in love with a Christian? thou, the daughter of Sylvanus; and who wert initiated into the mysteries of Ceres, at the last calends of Mars!"

Priscilla cast her eyes on the ground, and made no reply. "I saw again, this day," continued Sylvanus, "who it was that was conversing with you in the emperor's gardens." "Father, it was in the presence of your sister." "I suppose he besought you to embrace his impious worship." "He spoke to me, indeed, my father, of the God of the Christians, and told me that he is a powerful and jealous God, who will eternally punish those who refuse to acknowledge him. He added that his greatest torment was the thought that I should be doomed to everlasting fire in another world." "It is thus," said the enraged Sylvanus, "that they either seduce or terrify youth. They break asunder the bands of nature. According to their principles, we must sacrifice our best sentiments, and disclaim the affections of friend, of son, and of father. Their abominable morality would dry up the springs of the heart, and sap the foundations of society. My daughter, I command you never to speak again to Savinien, unless he will return to the path of virtue, and the reverence of our gods." "You know, my father, what obstinacy characterizes those of his belief." "Well, then, you shall never

proaches against his daughter:—"I see," said he, "whither thy foolish passion will conduct thee. Art thou not ashamed to fall in love with a Christian? thou, the daughter of Sylvanus; and who wert initiated into the mysteries of Ceres, at the last calends of Mars!"

see him more."—"Father, do you desire my death?"—"No, girl, I do not wish for your death, but I am master of your life. We are not yet christians, thanks be to the gods! and children are not yet set free from the authority of their parents."—"You may kill me, then, father," replied Priscilla, "as soon as you please."

Sylvanus proceeded no further; but this interview overwhelmed him with sorrow; his eyes became moist and red, the wrinkles that furrowed his cheeks grew deeper every day, and the few hairs which straggled over his bald head also daily diminished. The palace of Caesar resounded with the heavy groans of its inspector, and the works that Julien had directed, in order to its enlargement and decoration, languished in every department. Those vast buildings which extended southwards from the river to the hill remained in an unfinished state; the scaffolding, abandoned by the laborers, still adhered to the half-raised walls; farther off, vast subterraneous passages, carried on even to the Seine, were left open to the public view. The extensive gardens of the emperor, planted with fig-trees and vineyards, and which spread from the walls of the amphitheatres to the trees that grow on the *Campus Martius*; from whence the eye surveys the palace of Caesar, and the buildings and gardens which belong to it; then falls upon the fortress of the Parisians, which is embraced by the arms of the luxuriant Seine, and discovers the suburbs on the north, and the immense forests with which they are crowned—These gardens, I say, called in vain for the attention of Sylvanus, heretofore so actively directed, and experienced a total stagnation.

One evening, while wandering distractedly in a shady part of the garden—"O my daughter," he ejaculated, "whom I expected would be the consolation of my old age, whose filial hand would close my eye-lids, and invoke the gods over my tomb, an artful deceiver is now about to rob me of thee forever!"

Suddenly the form of Savinien crossed the view of Sylvanus: the centurion made a movement to retire; the old man advanced towards him with a firm and indignant step—"Barbarian," he cried, "restore to me my daughter!"

Savinien. "I have not taken her from thee."

Sylvanus. "You inspire her mind with contempt for her father, and for every thing we hold sacred beneath the heavens."

Savinien. "I love her, and would save her soul from perdition."

Sylvanus. "But she is mine."

Savinien. "She belonged to God, before she became your daughter."

Sylvanus. "What, can I not dispose of my child?"

Savinien. "No, if the Almighty communicates his grace to her. Without doubt you may take away her life, since the laws have left thee master of it; but then shall she receive from the hands of her Savior the palm of martyrdom."

Sylvanus. "Absurd reasoner, can you receive, yourself, this pretended palm! It is with this mystic language that you divide and distract the empire; on your account it is that we feel the heavy indignation of the gods; the invasions of barbarians, the ravages of the elements, perfidies, civil war, treasons, murders, are the consequence of your abominable doctrine."

Savinien. "I pity you, Sylvanus!—How little you know of the christian faith. It will lead men back to the innocence of the first age. How can there be contentions and wars among the children of the same God? All corrupt passions, all impure desires, all vices, shall at length disappear before the light of the Gospel; magistrates shall no longer stand in need of the axe of the law; all men, in short, shall be governed by piety, moderation, brotherly love, and justice."

Sylvanus. "In the mean time we groan under all kind of calamities, which commenced when our temples, transformed into sepulchres, were profaned by the relics of your saints; of those fanatics who were justly punished for having sowed dissension among us. Go, pray over your fleshless bones; your heads preserved in spirits of wine, and leave to us, our Gods, our repose, and our children."

At these words Sylvanus turned away from Savinien with horror. Anger, love, and religious zeal were now carried to

the height in the heart of Savinien. To revenge himself on the old man, to marry his daughter, and to save a soul; these three sentiments concentrated in one, which enflamed and rankled in his bosom. He found frequent means to converse with Priscilla, who was easily seduced by the insidious language of the christian. The dread of losing his daughter now rendered Sylvanus severe and even cruel towards her. She had no longer the liberty of going beyond the limit of the buildings which formed her father's habitation. They looked upon the gardens of the emperor, but a strong iron grating prevented her from walking in them.

One morning, at a very early hour, while Sylvanus was still asleep, Savinien, who had succeeded in penetrating as far as this grate, and in apprizing his mistress of his approach, thus conversed with her in secret.—"My dear Priscilla," said he, "if you love me, you must follow me."—"Alas! I am a captive," replied the young girl.—"How?" returned Savinien, "does this vast place, yet imperfectly built, afford no aperture through which I may enter, and favored by the darkness of the night, snatch thee from thy tyrant, and eternal destruction?"—"You might," she replied, "open a passage; but the experiment is dangerous."—"Never mind the danger, only point out the way. I must go to reach you; I will then take you in my arms, and—"—"You see this wall, at present unfinished, with arches beneath it. It is the boundary of a deep moat, intended, at some future period, to be a conduit for the waters of the Seine. The arches are negligently inclosed."—"I perceive them," said Savinien;—"I will lift up one of these planks."—"Heavenly powers!" exclaimed Priscilla, in great terror, "you will fall down a dreadful precipice! There is only one of the arches over which you can pass in safety; it is the second. A scaffolding is behind, by means of which you may easily cross the moat that separates the wall from the private gardens of my father."—"Enough," said Savinien, "an hour after sun-set you shall be under my protection."

Here they bade each other adieu, and separated; but they had been overheard.

[The remainder next week.]

The Student.

No. V.

The love of fame, how'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart;
The proud, to gain it, tolls on toils endare;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure;
O'er glories and acceptres, now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells.

THE reader may recollect, that I announced in the postscript of my first paper, an eulogium on the fair sex, from the pen of my friend Tim Truant. He did indeed promise; but that promise, he has been too indolent to fulfil. He waited and solicited in vain: in the morning, he had "just begun it"—in the evening, "it only required revision;" and the next morning he had not written a word! but would positively begin it as soon as he had taken a game at balls. Thus like *Penelope's* web, were the hopes which one day's promises had woven, successively unravelled in the morning; and Tim, less gentle than his prototype, at last dismissed his suitor with an absolute denial. I had never before experienced the pain of such a protracted refusal; and I had reason to believe that Tim kept me so long at bay, purposely to indulge his own vanity, in affecting the manners of the great. I did not therefore leave him, as the poor broken-winged half-famished author does the threshold of that patronage from which he has received his exiling sentence; but like one who felt more than a mortified humility, or a passive despondence, I resolved to possess myself by force, of those favors which gentle measures could not obtain; and as a return for the petulant negligence of my friend, to drag into public view, those very productions, which I knew he would be most anxious to conceal. Accordingly my plans were laid for that purpose: I first proceeded to reconnoitre the enemy's works. These I found in a very defenceless state, and accessible from almost every quarter. I therefore resolved to attempt them by a *coup de main*—at the hour of one, I began to move, with the greatest circumspection and caution—the dinner-bell was the signal for the attack—all retired at its summons, and left me to make my approaches without the danger of observation. A profound silence reigned throughout the building! and nought but the occasional clatter of knives and

plates, and the cries of "Bread Billy" or "Beer Jimmy" which now and then broke upon the ear, disturbed the dead silence of the scene! The main pass of the enemy was left unguarded—this therefore I entered without opposition—every thing gave way before me, and in less than half an hour, I found myself in possession of 30 critic-proof heroics, 300 sonnets in prime order, and ready on every occasion; 50 epigrams, well pointed, and fit for immediate use; 5 brace of patent witticisms, assured never to miss fire, and 60 rounds of complimentary cartridges. All these, with a variety of other articles too numerous to be mentioned, were carried, and my retreat effected, without the loss of a single finger, and with the only wounded in forcing the impediments of the enemy's last entrenchment.

However arduous may have been this undertaking, and however brilliant this success may appear, to one who has so recently assumed the military character; Omega considers it of no moment, any farther than as it contributes to enhance him in the opinion of the Fair. He will esteem their smiles alone, the amplest reward, for the dangers and fatigues of the expedition. And however mortifying it may be to Tim, to see his cabinet thus turned out on the world, he cannot complain of my injustice when he considers the treatment which induced it. He may be assured that the spoils are lodged beyond the possibility of recovery; and unless he speedily furnishes me with his contemplated essay, as sure as he is a *fine gentleman* and I *soldier*, I will *print and print* and *whirl*, till revenge herself shall peep through the blanket of the dark, to cry hold! hold!

To show him that I am in earnest, I begin with one of his poetic love-letters. And hereby hangs a tale—Tim has been for some time past, most violently in love with our steward's niece, as chubby, rosy-looking a piece of modern flesh, as ever graced a kitchen. It seems she cannot endure poetasters, and Tim unfortunately places his principal reliance on rhyming. She has been informed too, that his father (*horrible dicta!*) was a blacksmith. These objections Tim seems determined if possible, to overcome by one desperate effort; and the following stanzas it seems are the *emollients*, with which he intended to soothe the reluctant fair one.

TO MISS MOLLY STEWCHICKEN.

HOW oft I've attempted thy favor to gain,
By strings of soft couplets, begot with much pain!
But fruitless, alas! for to prose you're inclin'd,
To the charms of my sonnets provokingly blind.
Ah! let not the race of Apollo expire
Ah! quench not the sparks of the god of the lyre!
Permit not Olympus its metre to lose,
Nor suffer all nature to sink into prose!

Can *Minerva* be pleas'd with the loss of her trade?
Or a *nymph* e'er be willing to die an old maid?
And sure, one would fancy to woo if one could
A muse that is moulded of true flesh and blood.

Kind Fate as was fit has inspir'd me with rhyme,
And form'd as you see, my smooth numbers to chime;
Besides ma'am, my *stead* is so able a creature,
She'll trot you round prose, or she'll pace you a metre.

But mention *Parnassus*, and straight at the sound,
She'll frisk in *great snuff*, and dash snorting around,
You'd swear that Jove's self would be puzzled to
guide her,

(And alack! but too oft she's dismounted her rider)

Yet give her a note in the plaintive or so,
Where the clear limpid streams in soft murmurings
flow;

Let the moon's dying breeze faintly sigh in her ear,
And the sun's last mild tints on the hill-top appear;

And hush'd into peace ('tis surprising to tell),
She'll jog you so gently, so easy and well;
You'd think you repos'd on the bosom of *Ida*,
And the fair rival beauties might envy your ride.

You object to my race, as obscure and unknown—
"Would you think to get me sir?—no no sir—
I'm *divine* ev'ry inch, as full often I've heard
"From yourself, and indeed I believe ev'ry word—

"Can you think of the crime of our fathers again,
"When the sons of the gods took the daughters of
men, and so it should be;
"And not say 'tis worse sir, (if e'er it should be)
"That a mere earth-born wretch, wed a goddess like
me?"

"How vex'd our old sires would look down from the
skies,
"And expect a new rabble of giants to rise!"
But to ease these vain scruples, my race I will show,
(Tho' a blacksmith my sire) nor humble nor low.

Our line from great *Adam* descends in a string,
Who first made his hammer with harmony ring;
From the chink of whose trade was my music acquir'd,
That music which all but thyself have admir'd.

To add to the pride of so noble a line,
I'm as closely allied to the god of the vine,
Who taught the first poets their strains to rehearse,
Since wine is the parent of wit and of verse.

Thus sprung—thus equipt, shall I wander alone,
Or not sigh for a nymph of a race like my own?
Ah! yield then my fair to accept of a mate,
And say, who can conquer the fiat of fate?

In whispers more gentle the zephyrs shall blow,
And the flow'rs shall bloom fairer wherever we go;
To the world we will own the reciprocal flame,
And our old college parson the news shall proclaim.

And when, oh ye gods! when that time shall arrive,
That fortune shall give us—the best she can give;
Bold Mars like some Scotchman shall dress him in

And Venus and he shall stand god-mans and dees.

The frolicsome Groom shall laugh at our lies,
And Hymen shall give us a fatherly kiss;
Then Parnassus no more for her laurels shall fret,
And those strapping rascals full soon reappear.

There is little difficulty in accounting for Miss Molly's unfortunate insensibility to Tim's versified passion, when it is considered, that he pays so little regard to the capacity of his muse. For tho' she is as "true flesh and blood" as ever walked; yet she knows as little of *Mars*, *Venus*, *mount Ida*, or the *Graces*, as she does of the *Dog-star*, or the *man in the moon*. Tim has not yet altogether lost the student in the gentleman.

From my Elbow-Chair,
Syntux Hall.

"On the moral and intellectual Excellence of the Fair Sex."

[In a Letter from a Lady to a Gentleman in England, occasioned by a Conversation on the Character and Conduct of Queen Elizabeth.]

"My good Friend,

"**S**HALL I confess to you, that, on reflecting upon the conversation of last night, relative to the abilities and conduct of Queen Elizabeth, I was much surprised at one position advanced by you—that if there were upon record one instance where the female mind approached towards the superiority of the manly character, it was to be found in her." Shall I conclude, from this assertion, that your opinions of the natural equality subsisting between the two sexes with respect to mental endowments is changed? or have I hitherto been mistaken in believing that such were your sentiments?

"Now, leaving Elizabeth out of the dispute (whom, if duplicity, treachery, and tyranny, be virtues amongst men, I allow to have possessed the true manly character,) I beg to be informed in what the boasted superiority of your sex consists? Greater, or equal, bodily strength, we of this age and country will not dispute with you: nor that, in consequence of this endowment, you have attained to be our rulers and legislators; to fix what value you please upon those pursuits in which you have chosen to engage, and to stamp with degradation those offices and employments

which you have assigned to us. I will neither insist upon your crossing the Atlantic to observe amongst the Esquimaux women (whose natural robustness is equal to that of the men, and whose contempt of danger is, perhaps, superior to that of the hardiest European,) nor will I enumerate the names of those illustrious women, in our section of the globe, who have rivalled you in every branch of science and literature. I wish to call your attention, not to particular instances, but to mankind in general; and then to ask you, whether those qualities which Nature, education, and custom, have allotted to women, are, in the eye of unprejudiced reason, less useful, or less virtuous, than those which the men have appropriated to themselves? If they are not, where is the inferiority of women,—in what respect are they less honorable,—and, in what consists your vaunted greatness? Is it in bodily strength?—there we allow your superiority. Is it in boldness and courage?—there, too, we disclaim all pretensions. Is it in all those arts which meliorate, improve, and embellish life?—pardon me if I say, we cannot there allow you an equality.

"The truth is, we are both imperfect beings; and Plato, in his beautiful fable, compliments us, perhaps too highly, when he supposes the best qualities of both sexes conjoined, would make a perfect creature! We have each our peculiar excellences; we have each our peculiar defects; we have each our peculiar allotments. We pretend not to the glory of destroying the human race, nor delight in the fields of carnage and slaughter! Nor do we aspire to the merit of negotiating selfish and illiberal systems of policy, or forming plans for the desolation and conquest of neighboring empires. In the acquisition of science, we confess that your superior advantages of education, and favorable circumstances for improvement, raise you above us; yet, when we allow this, we must assert, that our natural rights, and our natural abilities, are quite equal to yours. To your corporeal strength we oppose our gentleness; to your boldness in encountering difficulties, our fortitude in sustaining them; and to your superior advantages of education, our docility, our vivacity, and, in general, our taste and delicacy.

"Take, then, all the superiority you have to boast of—your strength, which enables you to traverse the ocean, and to endure the rigors of the most incle-

ment skies, in the pursuit of ambition or avarice: Take those mental acquirements, in which Nature formed us to excel; and in which, in defiance of every discouragement and difficulty that a confined or perverted education places in our way, many of our sex have risen to deserved eminence. Take your boasted learning, which too frequently inflates you with arrogance, or depresses you with the weight of fastidiousness. Take your ungoverned passions, your power to rule, and your licence to commit evil without restraint. Take, too, all the *demerits* of ancient or modern story, whose names are recorded in earthly annals, and range on your side Semiramis, Boadicea, Queen Elizabeth, and Catherine II. Give to us the credit of those millions of virtuous women whose names are written in heaven. Grant to us our patience under affliction—our fortitude, I had almost said our magnanimity, in suffering—our gentleness—our tenderness—our subdued or well-regulated passions—and our virtuous conduct—Allow us these, and we can feel no inferiority. Our departments in the world are, indeed, indifferent; but if well-filled, equally great and respectable. We have an equal claim to the honors and happiness of this life, and shall be equal partakers in that which is to come.

"I shall only add to so sermonical a conclusion, the assurance, that I am your *Man-ship's* sincere friend,

REMARKABLE CUSTOM.

THE following account of a singular custom that prevails in Cooch Bahar, adjoining Bengal, is given by an intelligent traveller. In the district of Cooch Bahar, an usage of a very singular kind has prevailed from remote antiquity, and I was assured by many of the inhabitants of its actual existence at this day. If a Ryot, or peasant, owes a sum of money, and has not the ability to satisfy his creditor, he is compelled to give up his wife as a pledge, and possession is kept of her till the debt is discharged. It sometimes happens, (as they affirm) that the wife of a debtor is not redeemed for the space of one, two, or three years; and then if, during her residence and connection with the creditor, a family should have been the consequence, half of it is considered as the property of the person with whom she lived, and half that of her real husband.

CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND.

BY DR. ENFIELD.

CONCERNING the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully approve you to your face, for actions for which others are ridiculing or censuring you behind your back?—Will he dare to stand forth in your defence, when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortune and losses should, oblige you to retire into a walk of life in which you cannot appear with the same distinction or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and, instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connection, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your "tale of symptoms," and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do all this, may be your companion—your flatterer—your seducer—but, depend upon it, he is not your friend.

Selected for the VISITOR.

Messrs Ming and Young.

Not doubting there are some GOOD WIVES in this city, who resemble Mrs. SUGARLOAF, I request you to insert the following letter, (from a London publication) for their edification.

THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT AGAINST A GOOD WIFE.

I AM one of those persons who have the misfortune to have what is generally termed a good wife; she is, I confess, sober and industrious; and she is fully of opinion that sobriety and industry are the essential qualifications of a wife. My linen, my hose, &c. are

kept in excellent repair; my breakfast, dinner, and supper, provided at regular hours; my house, under her directions, is always remarkably clean; and she strictly performs the duty of a mother towards her children. Planning herself upon these perfections, she is in every other respect the most disagreeable woman living: if the maid by accident happens to break a tea-cup or a saucer, the house is in a commotion for three or four days; and neither I nor any of the children dare open our mouths to this immaculate woman, for fear of sharing some of the abuse which she so lavishly bestows upon her maid. She generally has a baker's dozen of servants in the course of a year; and they chiefly turn out so very bad, in her opinion, that she refuses to give them a character to enable them to engage in the service of another. The last maid we had, she turned away because she was so careless that she fell down stairs and hurt herself; she she deemed an unpardonable crime: not long ago she discharged another for wearing white stockings, imagining, I suppose, they were too alluring for me to look at; another, because she turned her toes inward, and she was afraid the children would copy her manner of walking; she sent away a very fine girl because she wore a wire cap; but most of them turn themselves away, because, they say, she is such an intolerable vixen, that they would rather live with the devil than with her. My misfortune is, that it is not in my power to turn myself away, or, believe me, Sir, I would not give a moment's warning; for she uses me, if possible, worse than her maids; and, when I expostulate with her upon her conduct she tells me I am the happiest man in the world.

"You are blessed with a wife," says she, "that does not spend her time and money in going to balls and plays;—a sober frugal woman;—a woman of more economy than any in the parish—ininitely too good for you."

She then, perhaps, abuses me half an hour without intermission; and I am obliged to suffer in silence; for, should I presume to reply, the contest would last the whole day. I wish, Sir, you would inform me what are the necessary steps to be taken with such a woman; for I should be much happier with one that is idle, and a drunkard, than with such a sober, virtuous, industrious woman as my wife.

SOLOMON SUGARLOAF.

FOR THE VISITOR.

Sunday Morning Reflections

No. I.

REPUTATION cannot be too inviolately guarded. The world is naturally censorious. Even to claims on its approbation the most dignified and deserving, it yields a reluctant sanction; and consigns to a rash infamy the name which chance or imprudence has rendered questionable. Nor is the prejudice of character a frail or fugitive impression. It is the foster child of envy; it finds advocates in all the jealousies of emulation, and is nourished into maturity by the self-consoling fiend of undetected crime.

They certainly mistake the character of mankind widely, who trust in after professions of reformation, as passports to the forfeited confidence of society. A thousand deeds of honor and of justice; a thousand protestations of penitence, can scarce obliterate the memory of a single crime. Extravagant professions naturally induce suspicions of sincerity. Repentance to be genuine, must be secluded. Mankind therefore view the crime, in its utmost enormity and extent; magnified by ignorance, and exaggerated by envy; but they witness not the secret tears of expiation, nor listen to the sighs of agonizing remorse.

B.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF GRATITUDE IN AN INDIAN.

AN Indian, who had not met with his usual success in hunting, wandered down to a plantation among the back settlements in Virginia, and seeing a Planter at his door, asked for a morsel of bread, for he was very hungry. The Planter bid him begone, for he would give him none. "Will you give me then a cup of your beer?" said the Indian. "No; you shall have none here," replied the Planter. "But I am very faint," said the Savage; "Will you give me only a draught of cold water?"—"Get you gone, you Indian dog; you shall have nothing here," said the Planter. It happened some months after that the Planter went on a shooting party up into the woods, where, intent upon his game, he missed his company, and lost his way, and night coming on, he wandered through the forest, till he espied an Indian wigwam. He approach-

ed the Savage's habitation, and asked him to shew him the way to a plantation on that side the country. "It is too late for you to go there this evening, Sir," said the Indian; "but if you will accept of my homely fare, you are welcome." He then offered him some venison, and such other refreshment as his store afforded; and having laid some bear skins for his bed, he desired that he would repose himself for the night, and he would awake him early in the morning, and conduct him on his way. Accordingly in the morning they set off, and the Indian led him out of the forest, and put him in the road he was to go; but just as they were taking leave, he stepped before the planter, and turned round, staring him full in his face, bid him say, whether he recollected his features. The Planter was now struck with shame and horror, when he beheld in his kind protector, the Indian whom he had so harshly treated. He confessed that he knew him, and was full of excuses for his brutal behavior; to which the Indian only replied, "When you see poor Indians fainting for a cup of cold water, don't say again, 'Get you gone, you Indian dog.'" The Indian then wished him well on his journey, and left him. It is not difficult to say which of these two had the best claim to the name of christian.

ANECDOTES.

An Irish horse dealer sold a mare, as being sound wind and limb, and without fault. It afterwards appeared that the poor beast could not see at all out of one eye and was almost blind of the other. The purchaser finding this, made heavy complaints to the dealer, and reminded him, that he engaged the mare to be without fault. "To be sure I did," returned the other, "but then, my dear, the poor creature's blindness is not her fault, but her misfortune."

A gentleman being asked his opinion of the singing of a lady, who had not the purest breath, said, that the words of the song were delightful, but he did not much admire the air.

A woman being told that tallow was risen on account of the war "Dang it, (said she) why then I suppose they have taken to fighting by candle-light."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, March 5, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 34 persons during the week ending on the 27th ult. viz. of Consumption 2—Fits, 4—Inflammation 1—Small-pox 1—Hives 1—Mortification 1—Intoxication 1—debility 1—Violent Cold 1—not distinguished 21—Adults 17—Children 17—Total 34.

The bill for granting lands to General La Fayette, according to the proportion of his rank in our army during the revolution, was passed in the house of Representatives on Wednesday, 23 ult. The proportion is the same as that of a General in the Virginia line.

A Bill passed the house of Representatives of this state the 19th ult. for dividing the city of New-York into nine wards, after the first Tuesday in October next.

To Correspondents.

"The Friend to old maids."—Solution of the Enigma—Egis—with several other communications are on hand.

Communications must be sent previous to the Wednesday preceding publication, or they will lie over to the succeeding week.

THEATRICAL REGISTER

FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25.

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED, M. Morton; and LOCK AND KEY, P. Hoare.

MONDAY, MARCH 1.

THE VOICE OF NATURE; from the French, W. Dunlap; THE GOOD NEIGHBOR, a musical Interlude, W. Dunlap; the music by Pelissier, and THE LIE OF A DAY, O'Keefe.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3.

ALFONSO, M. G. Lewis, and ROSINA, Mrs. Brook.

The cast of characters in the Tragedy, is as follows:

Alfonso,	Mr. Tyler.
Orsino,	Fennell.
Casario,	Hodgkinson.
Father Basil,	Johnson.
Henriquez,	Martin.
Melchior,	Hallam, jun.
Ricardo,	Shapter.
Gomez,	Prigmore.
Marcos,	Robinson.
Lucio,	Master Stockwell.
	Friars, Soldiers, &c.
Amelrosa,	Mrs. Johnson.
Ottilia,	Whitlock.
Estella,	Jefferson.
Ima,	Miss Hogg.

At the time when the action of this piece commences, Alfonso king of Castile is engaged in a war with the Moors. His arms have been successful, and Casario his young General, returning victorious, is received by the acclamations of the people, and the gratitude of the king. Against the latter however he bears a most irreconcilable hatred, as the murderer of his father, whom he had condemned on suspicions of treachery. He meditates revenge.—A plot is formed against the life of the king, and a mine prepared to be sprung, beneath the grand tower of the palace. Casario loves and is beloved by the princess Amelrosa, the only daughter of Alfonso. At the moment of his return he hastens to a private interview with her. He is detected by Ottilia, a vile and abandoned woman, who, tho' the wife of another, had long entertained for him sentiments of the greatest tenderness. Her jealousy is inflamed by the discovery. Possessed of the secret of the Plot, she threatens destruction on Casario and his associates: his artful and insinuating address however soon pacifies Ottilia, and she consents to forgive him, on condition of his delivering her a scarf, which had been the gift of Amelrosa: this he at first refuses, but is at length terrified into acquiescence by the threats of a disclosure of the plot. In an interview with the king, Ottilia informs him that Orsino, whom he had condemned, was innocent; that her husband, Don Gusman was the author of the letters which had been the evidence of his guilt—a confession wrung from him in the agonies of death. Alfonso is shocked by the discovery: but Amelrosa who is present at the time, consoles him with an account of the es-

cape and safety of the captive; that at that time he lived in the interior of the forest. The king determines to visit and restore the injured Orsino. The scarf which Ottillia wears, is recognized by Amelrosa to be the same which she had presented to her husband, Cæsario. Ottillia inflames her jealousy by a fictitious narrative of the expressions of disgust which the soldier who gave it her lavished on the lady he received it from. Amelrosa is disconsolate, and determines never again to behold Cæsario. The conspirators hold a conference, in which the hour and other circumstances in the catastrophe are fixed on. Ottillia enters in the midst of their deliberations; she holds in her hand a full confession of the plot, from the faulting pen of the husband she had poisoned. Cæsario trembles at the sight—she threatens to present it instantly to the king unless he promise to meet her that night with the priest, in the chapel of St. Julian. This he promises, and leaves her, to regain the confidence of the princess, whom he reconciles by a feigned story, that a threat of discovering their loves to Alfonso had alone induced the sacrifice. He begs her not to be in the great tower of the palace on a certain night. (the time fixed on by the conspirators)—they are about to part, when, in the midst of their caresses and protestations, Alfonso enters. He leaves Amelrosa enraged. Her indisposition in consequence of the displeasure of her father, gives her rival a pretext for introducing poison under the veil of medicine, by the hands of her credulous attendants. Alfonso becomes pacified with his daughter: in the mean time he has sought the solitude of Orsino, and has been spurned by that haughty and injured soldier. Cæsario having been informed, that his father, whom he thought dead, was living, and in safety, seeks the hermitage of the recluse. Orsino recognizes his long lost son; for awhile he loses every other sentiment in parental tenderness: but, when Cæsario discloses to him the intended murder of the king, he shrinks from the horrid project, and all the Father is lost in the Patriot. He endeavors by reproaches, by persuasions, and by threats, to swerve the intention of his son: but finding every other effort fruitless, he threatens to hasten to the king, and sacrifice Cæsario to the good of the nation. Cæsario leaves him unshaken. Orsino conveys a note to Amelrosa, begging of her a conference on which depends the life of her father.

She recognizes the seal of Orsino, and appoints the shrine of St. Julian the place of interview, whither it was her intention to resort that night, to offer her prayers to the saint. On the same night and at the same place, Cæsario had appointed to meet Ottillia—he enters in disguise, and is shortly after followed by Ottillia. She insists on the fulfilment of his promise: he remonstrates: she threatens, and is about leaving him to inform the king: despair renders him frantic, and Cæsario plunges his dagger into the bosom of Ottillia: he is pursued by Orsino, but escapes. Amelrosa finds the guilty Ottillia, faint and expiring. She has just strength to tell the princess of the danger of her father, of the hour at which the mine is to be sprung, and dies in horrid agonies. No time is to be lost—the hour of one is the signal of destruction, and that hour is arrived. Amelrosa hastens to retard the conspirators, Orsino to rescue the king. We are next in the dungeon of the conspirators—they are waiting impatiently for their leader: the bell strikes one—Cæsario rushes down the stairs, holding the dagger with which he had just murdered Ottillia. It is Henriquez' fortune to fire the train—the torch is ready—he proceeds, but is arrested by Amelrosa: she expostulates, she prays, she commands, but all is vain: the train is lighted, and the tower torn from its base. At that moment the Bugle-horn sounds, a signal that the king is safe. Amelrosa remains pale and motionless: Cæsario strives to console her, but she spurns him. A conspirator brings word that Alfonso has escaped, and bars the entrance of the cavern: they rush out in a body, determined to fight their way to freedom. The confused noise of swords and armor is heard—suddenly the king and Cæsario enter engaging—Cæsario is on the point of dispatching Alfonso, when Orsino rushes between them, and intercepts the blow. He is wounded by the hand of his son—he expires. At the same moment Cæsario plunges the dagger into his own bosom, and falls on the body of his father. Amelrosa, on whom the poison of Ottillia had already begun to operate, falls into the arms of Henriquez: which concludes the piece.

Never have we witnessed a scene more affecting than the last: or, in general, a play more elegant and interesting than the tragedy of ALFONZO.



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

On Thursday last week, the Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Connecticut Farms, to Miss Hetty Beech, of Newark.

On Wednesday last, Mr. Alexander Bleecker, to Miss Frances Wade, both of this city.

At Flushing, (L. I.) Mr. David Greenwall, to Miss Charlotte Fields.

Same place, Mr. Talman Waters, to Miss Sarah Osterman.

Same place, Mr. John Hoogelan, to Miss Cornelia Rowland.

Same place, Mr. Disbary, to Miss Mary Elizabeth Antonetti.

Same place, Mr. Thomas Roe, to Miss Elizabeth Lowerry.

Same place, Mr. Peter Demilt, to Miss Rayna Reid, of Newtown.



Deaths.

On Monday last, Mr. Benjamin Anderson, aged 25.

On Wednesday, Mr. Wm. Depeyster, aged 68, a respectable merchant of this city.

On Wednesday, Mr. Jacob Van Wageningen, aged 78 years and 9 months.

Same day, Mr. Joshua Hutchings, et. 74.

On Thursday, Mr. Daniel Duncomb, in his 77th year.

Same day, Mrs. Norwood, aged 25, wife of Andrew S. Norwood.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, March 7, 1805,

will be presented,

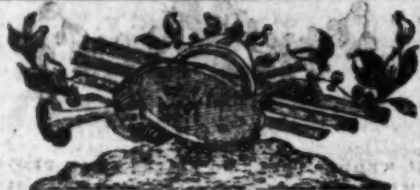
A Tragedy, 3d time, called,

ALFONZO.

To which will be added, a Farce,

2d time, called,

RETALIATION.



THE ROSE-BUD AND THE TULIPS.

A FABLE,

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

SWEET was the rising morn, and sweet
The soft'ning gales, while Summer's heat
Delay'd to quench the dewy tear
Of op'ning Spring, to florists dear,
Who then with anxious joy behold
Each child of art its bloom unfold:
For much to art they doubtless owe
Those tints that prematurely blow.

That morn (beneath a matted shade
By their proud owner's care convey'd,
To guard them from or sun or blight)
A race of dazzling tulips bright,
With various hues of richest dye,
Display'd their beauties to the eye.
From Holland's choicest stores they came,
Each known by some distinguish'd name.
Close to these fav'rites' shelter'd bed,
An humble rose-bush rear'd its head,
Whose hardy buds already swell'd,
While one supreme the rest excell'd:
Her flaunting leaves a genial ray
Had spread to the preceding day;—
She, bending tow'rd the gaudy tribe,
Provok'd from each some paltry gibe:
This shrunk disgusted from its thorns,
And that its simple station scorns;
Some mock'd her form with senseless prate,
And some her unregarded state.
While scoffing thus, the gay phalanx
Survey'd with pride their painted ranks,
Nor knew how short their transient reign—
Nor knew, the wretched boast how vain!—
The weather chang'd—a sudden breeze
Bent to the root the pliant trees,
While driving hail obliquely show'rs
Against the tall dishevel'd flow'rs
Ah! what avail'd the high-raised frames,
Their gay attire—their pompous names?
Defac'd—torn—scatter'd all around,
The mangled tulips spread the ground;
Spoil'd by the wind's tempestuous sweep,
They lie a little useless heap.
Not so the rose, whose firmer form
Partly defy'd the transient storm;
That storm, the fragile race remov'd,
Call'd forth her sweet, her blush improv'd;
And tho' some drooping leaves had felt
The tempest's force, yet in them do elc
Such balmy scents, such rich perfume,
As well supply'd the fading bloom.

—MORAL—

Gay, flaunting fav'rites of an hour,
Whose pride usurps ill-founded pow'r,
Soon, like our tulips, lose their charms,
When sickness beauty's claim disarms:
Unlike the fair whose virtuous mind
Leaves, e'en in death, its sweets behind.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG ROVER.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

Author of *The Farmer's Boy*.

ROVER, awake! the grey cock crows!
Come, shake your coat and go with me!
High in the east the green hill glows,
And glory crowns our sheltering tree.
The sheep expect us at the fold:
My faithful dog, let's haste away,
And in his earliest beams behold,
And hail, the source of cheerful day.

II.

Half his broad orb o'erlooks the hill,
And darts down the valley flies:
At ev'ry casement welcome still,
The golden summons of the skies.
Go, fetch my staff; and o'er the dews
Let echo wait thy glad voice.
Shall we a cheerful note refuse
When rising morn proclaims, "Rejoice."

III.

Now then we'll start; and thus I'll sing
Our store, a trivial load to bear:
Yet, ere night comes, should hunger sting,
I'll not encroach on Rover's share.
The fresh breeze bears its sweets along,
The lark but chides us while we stay:
Soon shall the vale repeat my song;
Go hush before—away, away.

STANZAS.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."
St. John, chap. viii.

OH! woman! if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from honor's track,
Thy mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wand'rer back.
The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay,
As clouds that sully morning skies,
May all be wept in show'rs away.

Go, go—be innocent, and live—
The tongues of men may wound thee sore;
But heav'n in pity can forgive,
And bids thee "go and sin no more."

FANCY BASKETS.

The Subscriber returns his grateful thanks to his friends and the public in general for the liberal encouragement he has experienced, and hopes for a continuance of their favors.

Just received per the Ship *Flora*, Captain Lee, and Ship *Orlando*, Captain Marchalk, from Amsterdam, an elegant assortment of Work, Toilet-Fruit, Wine Glass, Tumbler, Bread and Market Baskets, for sale by

JAMES THORBURN,

No. 24, Maiden-Lane,
Who keeps a constant supply of Cedar
Tubs, Coolers, Pails, and other wooden-
ware. Feb. 19th

FANCY CHAIRS.

Made as usual in the neatest style of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-Street.

N. SMITH,



Chemical Perfumes, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, 14 doors from the Fly-Market, up Maiden-Lane, in Liberty-Street, No. 6, New-York.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 7s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.
Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.
His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quivering smooth, 2s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 6s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 6s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin; these are choice articles, and should be found on every lady's toilet, 2s. 4s. and 6s. each.

With a great assortment of the best kinds of Perfumery and Cosmetics wholesale and retail.

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